

The Ruined Lovers.

Being a rare Narrative of a young Man that dyed for his cruel Mistriss, in *June* last, who not long after his death, upon a consideration of his intire Affection, and her own coyness, could not be comforted, but lingered out her dayes in Melancholly, fell desperate sick, and so dyed.

Tune of, Mock-beggars Hall stands empty.



MAr shall to Cupid now submit,
for he hath gain'd the glory;
You that in Love were never yet,
attend unto my story,
For it is new, 'tis strange and true
as eber age afforded;
A tale more sad, you never had
in any Books Recorded.

A Young man lately lov'd a Maid
more than his life or fortune,
And in her ears the same sonnet, o,
for thus he did importune:
Dear, pittie me, the Lover cry'd,
Sweet let thy heart come to me;
And often said unto the Maid,
Love me, or you'll undo me.

I never was engag'd before,
I must and will be true to thee,
Love never made me cry and roar,
untill I saw thy beauty.
No creature son'd, of flesh and blood,
bring more delight unto me:
Which makes me cry perpetually,
Love me, or you'll undo me.

He made Adresses to the Maid,
and propos'd to advance her:
I cannot love thee, then she said,
pray take it for an answer:
In many wayes, he sung her praise,
Love shot his Arrow thorow me,
Why did not he, do so to thee,
Love me, &c.

He made him such a strange reply,
he durst no more come near her:
Quoth he I will go home and dye,
since there is nothing dearer.
The joys of all the Christian World,
(said he) are nothing to me;
'Tis Death only, can set me free:
Love me, &c.

He took his Bed, he rag'd and burn'd,
(sure this must greatly grieve him.
His scorching love was quickly turn'd
into a burning Feaver:
And then he dy'd, but first he cry'd,
Oh! will she not come to me:
Then there's a tear; his last words were,
Love me, or you'll undo me.

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The second part, Containing the misery, sorrow, and death of .h: Maid.
To the same Tune.



The Virgin when she heard news
Was very greatly troubled;
And when ſhe coffin'd Corps ſhe dietes,
her woes were all redoubled;
And haſt thou dy'd, for me ſhe cry'd,
thou haſt in love out-run me;
Too late I may, thus ſadly ſay,
Thy death hath quite undone me.

Had I a thouſand worlds, I would
give them all to reſtoze thee,
For I am guilty of thy blood,
how dare I ſtand before thee;
I am a Pardzeſs, woe is me,
Let all true Lovers ſhun me;
And I muſt cry untill I dye,
Thy death hath, &c.

It is in vain for me to live,
thy memory will haunt me,
I only have a ſhort Reprieve,
thy ſorrows daily haunt me;
Where e'er thy, dead Corps do lye,
(Once thou in death haſt won me)
I will be laid, a woful Paide,
Thy death hath quite undone me.

With that the tears fell from her eyes
ſhe could no longer bear it,
For Love and Death did tyrannize,
ſhe could no longer bear it:
Wray have me home to bed, ſhe cry'd,
my ſorrows over-run me:
I am rewarded for my pride;
Thy death hath quite undone me.

ſhe took her bed, and in her head,
a thouſand frantick dreams are,
ſadly ſhe lyes, and in her eyes
a hundred ſtowing ſtreams are;
What wretched ſoul am I cry'd ſhe,
Whether am I going?
Poor ſoul (ſhe cry'd) and ſo ſhe dy'd:
Thy death hath &c.

Let all fair Paides that are in love,
by this poor Soul take warning,
Leſt that like her, you ſadly prove
the purchaſe of her ſcorning:
Let all by this, mend what's a wife,
before grief over-run me;
Leſt you be ſoꝝ'd to die, and cry,
Thy death hath quite undone me.